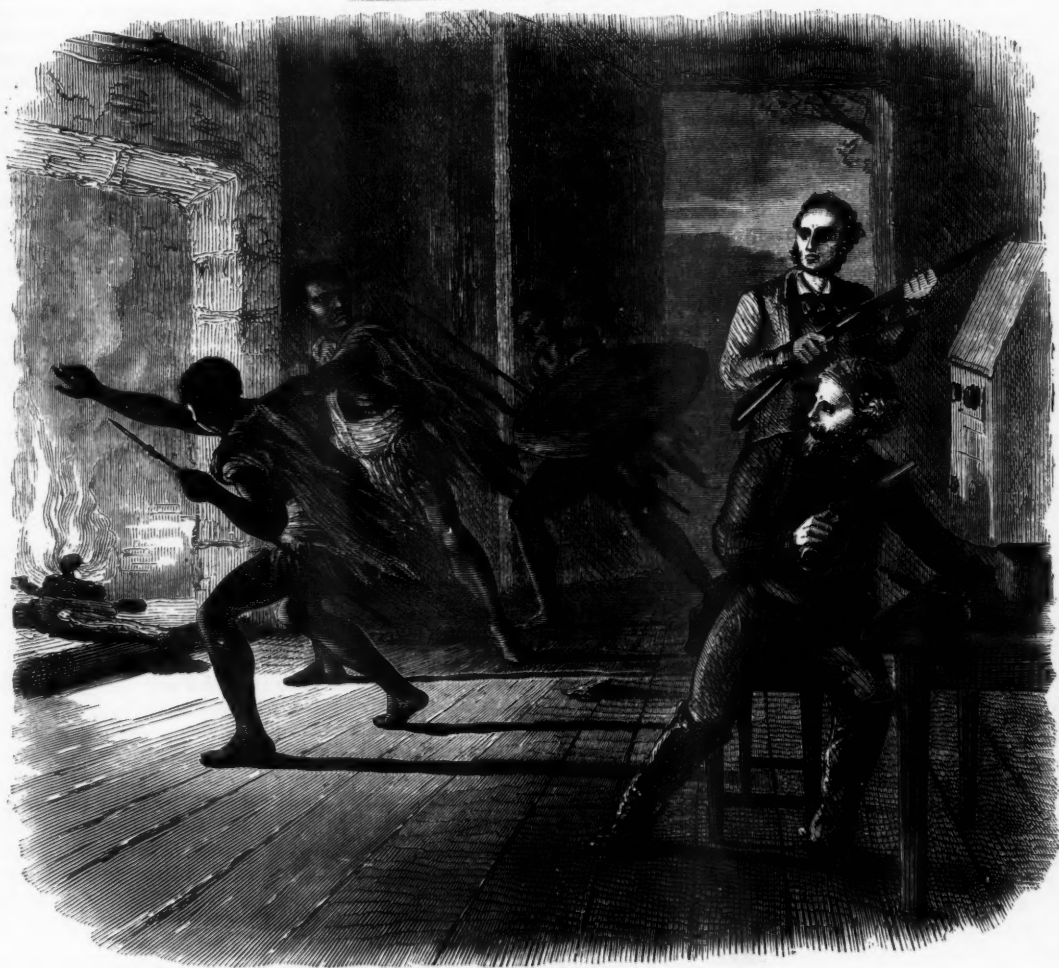


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"DEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courtesy.*



THE BLACKS RUSH FOR SAFETY TO THE HUT

THE BLACK TROOPERS.

CHAPTER III.—THE NIGHT ATTACK.

ONE evening, about ten days after our ride, I was sitting in the hut with young Harris. I had been engaged in cleaning my own gun, as well as a rifle belonging to the superintendent, who had ridden over on the previous day to the Edward river, and was expected home that night. While the barrels were drying before the fire, which occupied the centre of a hearth extending nearly the whole breadth of the hut, I put

on my hat and walked down to the miamis of the blacks, two or three families of whom the superintendent allowed to camp in his paddock; the main body he kept at a distance. Old Toby's wounds were fast healing, a circumstance he seemed rather to regret, as he had been pensioned by three substantial meals daily from the kitchen, and was getting quite sleek and fat. I went from fire to fire, chatting with the occupants, Jimmy and Billy, who, with their lubras, occupied two of them.

Polly and Kitty were two fine young women. One

had a picaninny about twelve months old; the other a little boy of four or five years. The latter was coiled up fast asleep; but the other was kicking and sprawling in his mother's arms, while Jimmy, its father, on the other side of the fire, sat gravely cutting away at a boomerang he was fashioning, now and then stopping to notice the child, which was crowing at him, or to say, in an insinuating tone to me, "Doc, doc! you carry 'moke um bacca?" Billy sat at the second fire close by, busy in preparing a new pipe he had got, and making it fit for black-fellows' use. This process consisted in rubbing it thickly with fat, and tying a greasy rag round it, and burning it in the ashes. At the third fire were my old patient Toby, and two lads of eighteen or nineteen respectively, named Pothook and "little Toby," to distinguish him from "old man Toby," who was either his father or grandfather, I could not make out which.

The miami where these last were was at some little distance from the other two, and I thought I saw a fourth figure; but when I came up I found only the old man and the lads. I asked where the other man was, but they denied that any other man had been there. I could see, however, they were lying; and believed that, from the glimpse I had got, it was Bobby Peel, although he was without his European clothing, and had on a possum-skin cloak. I had distinctly seen his face by the light of the fire, as I quietly approached from the huts across the grass of the paddock; and although I had not met him since the day of our first interview, his features were too strongly impressed upon my memory for me to forget them. I found shortly afterwards that he had excellent reasons for keeping out of the way.

After staying some time, and having my pockets emptied of the tobacco which was in them, I left and strolled on to the river. As I drew near its margin I heard a slight splash, as of a turtle startled by my step, and throwing itself into the water; but all was quiet when I reached it; no cry of duck or other waterfowl broke the stillness of the night; and the stream itself, fifty or sixty feet in depth, flowed on silently. The banks were very steep, and the surface of the water was some four yards beneath the level where I stood. There were no trees growing anywhere near; but the dead trunks of several left by former floods projected above the water, or rested against the banks, where, in the dim light, they resembled so many huge antediluvian reptiles. The opposite side of the river, which was 100 yards wide, was an island formed by an *ana** branch, which left the main stream four miles above the paddock, and joined it again just below it. As I stood looking down on the dark waters, and up and down the reach, and observed that the blacks' fires were less than fifty yards off, I could not help thinking how easily their enemies, if still in the neighbourhood, could, under cover of the river banks, steal unawares upon them. I little thought that in the deep shade beneath the very spot I was then standing on, in the water at my feet, and with their heads concealed behind one of the tree trunks on the margin, already lay hidden the murderous band who, twice baffled, had stolen back for their revenge.

* *Ana* branch is a channel which, leaving the main stream above, again joins it below. These *ana* branches are very characteristic of Australian rivers, often forming networks of creeks, which supply vast tracks of country, back from the main stream, which would otherwise be destitute of water.

As I walked past them on my way back to the hut, the blacks began one of their monotonous chaunts, to which the two women beat time with sticks, which they struck together, their eyes sparkling and white teeth glistening in the firelight, as they shouted a merry "Good night, doc, doc," to me.

At the door of our hut I found the superintendent, who had just dismounted. Harris had gone to bed. "I have some news for you," Stevenson said to me when we had entered.

He hung his saddle up on a peg projecting from the partition which divided it into two parts, one being used as a storeroom, the other as a bed and sitting, as well as a dining room. The beds being boards or sheets of bark, with sheepskins laid on them, on which were stretched mattresses stuffed with the "wongul" or down of the reeds which abounded everywhere near the river banks. There were four of these beds in the room, two on each side; they were placed on posts driven in the ground, and in the daytime were used as seats. The only other articles of furniture were a movable table standing against the partition, an easy-chair made out of a flour-cask, and some shelves fixed on the walls. The centre of the room was therefore clear. After ascertaining that no blacks were lounging about the hut, Stevenson continued,—

"You know I wrote to Brown, the magistrate over on the Edward, and sent the note by Scott's overseer, who happened to pass here the day after our ride round the run. That was eight or ten days ago, and up to the day before yesterday I had got no answer; so I rode over to find out the reason. And would you believe it?—for nearly a week the fellow had actually taken no steps whatever in the matter."

"How was that? Had he got your note?"

"Oh yes, he got it; and a pretty fellow he is to have J.P. written after his name. Would you credit it?—on the very morning after he got my letter, he had discovered that the horse-stealers had swept his paddock! Above all, had taken his two hunters! For you must know he keeps hounds to hunt the dingo, as the fox is hunted in England—actually had the impudence to tell me he was surprised and shocked to hear that I was laying poison for those animals!—hoped I would give up such a design! They ought to be hunted, he said, *fairly*; not poisoned like rats, or other vermin. This to me! who had lost from first to last during the few months I have been here, nearly a thousand sheep by these creatures. His is a cattle-station principally, and his sheep country is all open plain, so that he is not troubled by these pests. He can bear other people's misfortunes in that line very easily. I told him a piece of my mind—"

These same dingoes were the plague of poor Stevenson's life, and when once started on the subject he forgot everything else; so I ventured to interrupt and bring him back to the point.

"But how was it nothing was done about these suspected murders?" I inquired.

"How? Why because the fellow sent all three of the constables attached to the lock-up there off in different directions to look for his horses! The lives of poor fellows travelling in the bush are nothing compared to his hunters! I told him I should report his conduct to the authorities in Melbourne, and so I will too!"

"But has nothing been yet done?" I asked.

"One of the constables came back three days ago, and he has been making inquiries at the most likely out-stations. He returned before I left; and from his report my suspicions are confirmed. Eleven travellers called in the course of the last three weeks at the places he visited, on their way to this crossing-place, from the Edward. Now there have only been five or six arrived here from that part. I inquired before I started at our own men's huts, and all agree in that."

"Then you may depend that rascal Peel is concerned in the matter," said Harris, sitting up in bed.

"I forgot to tell you," said Stevenson, "that I came upon that fellow yesterday as I was drawing a carcase across the run, and leaving the poisoned baits in its track. It was in a scrub, which my horse could hardly get through; and I had no idea that any human being was near me at the time. He might have speared me easily enough too, for I was unarmed and dismounted, and he touched me on the shoulder as I was stooping to place the bait to the ground. The fellow has some gratitude, I suppose; for much as he hates white men, he knows he owes his life to me."

"Twenty times over!" said Harris; "for he would have been finished long ago but for you."

"You told us, doctor," continued the superintendent, "that you extracted some slugs from his arm and shoulder, the day you first saw him. How long do you think had those wounds been there?"

"About ten days or so, I should think."

"What were the slugs like? a bullet cut up?"

"Yes."

"Then the rascal is decidedly guilty! I will tell you how I found it out," said Stevenson. "Ever since you told me of the circumstance, I have wondered how he got those wounds; and on my rides about this and neighbouring runs, I have inquired, but could not hear that he had been shot at lately. In fact, ever since he was detected in those hut robberies, he has kept quiet, and out of white men's sight."

"Yesterday, on my way to the Edward, I called at the inn on the Wakool. In the bar I noticed a beautiful specimen of the 'loouee,' as the blacks call a rare bird which inhabits the mallee; and I asked the innkeeper who had stuffed it and set it up for him. He replied that a man who had been up on the Darling, making a collection of birds, had stopped there, and sold him this specimen. 'But,' added the man, 'didn't he call at your place?'

"No," I said; 'did he tell you he was coming over?'

"He told me that he intended staying a week at Swan Hill, before going to town by the mail-cart. He sold me his horse, as he said he was going to walk across, and shoot birds along the swamps and reedbeds. Perhaps he altered his mind, and went somewhere else."

"Upon hearing this I told the innkeeper in confidence my own suspicions; and as the distance was not great, we both rode over to the out-stations the man must pass on his way. At one of these, the hut-keeper told us that such a man had slept at his place one night, and had left to shoot in the neighbourhood, promising to come back to sleep there again; but he never came; and, in the course of our conversation, it came out that, before starting in the morning, the man, having used all his large shot, had cut up some

bullets he had into slugs of different sizes, to load one barrel, in case he fell in with turkey or wallaby. So that he has been waylaid and murdered is, I fear, only too certain; and Peel must have been wounded by him. It was with the unfortunate man's gun, too, that that cow was shot which we found killed on the day of our ride round the out-stations. But," continued Stevenson, "is that woman going to give me anything to eat, or not? I have had nothing since breakfast this morning, and am starving;" and he went to the door to call out to the kitchen to hasten operations.

The night was calm, but dense clouds threatening rain obscured the moon. The fires of the blacks gleamed brightly from the low ground near the river, which was open and quite free from trees or bushes; and a cheerful blaze also shone from the window and from between the slabs of the kitchen, a separate hut, where the hut-keeper's wife was giving the finishing touch to the steak she was cooking for the superintendent's supper. All was peaceful and quiet: the hissing of the frying-pan, and the distant chaunt of the blacks, being the only sounds audible; except at intervals when the mopoke uttered its cuckoo-like cry from the timber ranges across the river. In a few moments the woman brought in the dishes; and Stevenson, having satisfied the first cravings of his hunger, was about to renew the conversation which the meal had stopped, when all at once the monotonous song of the blacks was interrupted by several musket shots fired in rapid succession. Shrieks and yells succeeded; and we instantly guessed what had happened. Our blacks had been attacked by their enemies!

Our first impulse was to rush off to their assistance; but the guns were in pieces, and a brace of pistols kept in the hut were unloaded. Stevenson hastily proceeded to charge the latter, while young Harris and I endeavoured as speedily as possible to put the other weapons in order. Through the open door the fires were visible; and now and then dark objects would flit rapidly past them and disappear. Mingled with the screams of the women was the clatter of blows, and old Toby's voice, replying defiantly to the yells of his enemies, could be plainly distinguished. Presently, one after the other in quick succession, three dark figures dashed with the frantic speed of fear into the hut; and rushing up to the fireplace, crouched in the ashes on each side. Two of these were Pothook and little Toby; the third was no other than "Sir Robert," or, as he was more commonly called by the men, Bobby Peel, himself, whose suspected doings we had that evening been discussing; now, like his companions, in a state of mortal terror.

As generally happens in such emergencies, the proverb, "More haste, less speed," proved applicable to the present case. Never was I so long in putting a gun together; Stevenson could not find the bullet-pouch; while Harris, who knew the hut-keeper had a loaded double-barrelled piece in the kitchen, kept calling out to him to run down the slope and fire a shot over the heads of the attacking party; but no answer was given. The man was a new arrival in the colony; had always been terribly afraid of the blacks; and on the first alarm had barricaded himself in the kitchen, whence all his wife's taunts could not induce him to stir, or hand out the gun to Harris, who had at last run for it. As the young man peeped through the crevices of the slabs he saw, by the glare

of his eye, that the fellow was well-nigh delirious with terror. By the time the superintendent and I had armed ourselves, full five minutes had elapsed; and the cries had ceased some time. Upon procuring a light and searching the paddock, four mutilated bodies were found—Jimmy and Billy having been shot as they sat by their fires, and their bodies dragged away and hastily opened, and the kidney fat, the great trophy of these barbarous exploits, removed. The two lubras had fled, but in their terror they ran from our huts, instead of towards them. Polly was overtaken soon, and killed by a blow on the head; the infant she carried could not be found; doubtless they had taken away the body. Kitty's screams were long heard as she fled hither and thither in the paddock, with her fell pursuers after her. Had she run for the huts, or had the cowardly hut-keeper run down and fired a shot, she might have escaped. Her little boy we found crouching in a small patch of reeds by the river, trembling like a leaf; and we plainly heard the triumphant laugh of the wretches, as they watched our search from the island to which they had swam.

"I know who those fellows are," said Stevenson. "They are Gunbower blacks—I was there some months ago, when that scoundrel Peel, and a party of curs, sneaked on them, and played just such another trick as this. They have payed us off for that exploit, at any rate! But where is old Toby? Can it be possible that he has escaped?"

After some further search we found the old man's body at some distance from the fires; his head, arms, and body covered with wounds. By the traces, as seen next day, we found he had made a most desperate resistance. His hand still grasped the yam-stick with which he had done battle with the dogs; probably it was the first thing he had caught up. His prolonged resistance had saved him from the mutilation which had befallen the others, as our approach had disturbed the murderers and forced them to recross the stream. For fear they should return and complete their work, the bodies were drawn up to the huts by Stevenson and myself, while Harris started for the Ferry, where some more of our blacks were camped, to warn them of what had occurred. Except the hut-keeper, who was still quaking in the kitchen, there happened to be no other men on the head station that night, the two bullock-drivers and carpenter being absent, one splitting and drawing timber in the bush, the other bringing a load of salt from the lake.

"Did you say you saw Bobby Peel when at the camp, with the others?" inquired Stevenson of me.

"Yes," I replied; "but he saw me coming and slipped away. Will you detain him in custody?"

He replied that he was uncertain what to do; but presently a circumstance decided him.

In searching the paddock and the banks of the river with the lantern, we found a double-barrelled gun, powder-flask, etc., hidden in some reeds. It was a very superior article, not at all likely to be honestly in possession of a black, and no doubt existed in our minds but that this was the piece belonging to the unfortunate bird-collector, and that it had been hidden there by Peel before he came to the camp fires, but the attack had been so sudden that he had no choice but to run for the huts. It was resolved, therefore, that he should be secured and handed over to the authorities.

"Although our head-station blacks," said the

superintendent, "probably had nothing to do with the actual murders, I am sure they were aware of what had happened. I have noticed a great change in them for the last week. The two boys, Pothook and little Toby, were always hanging about the huts before, but of late I observed they kept away from us. They know of the murders and are frightened. Now you must back me up, doctor," he said to me; "I am going to try and obtain a confession from them. In their present state they will tell all."

We made our arrangements accordingly, and returned.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DRESS.

VII.—LACE.

HE who should set himself the task of illustrating the literature of a country, and give nothing but extracts from prose authors, would be justly condemned: even thus, I—expounding the natural history of dress—should incur merited censure, did I omit notice of lace, which is the very poetry of threadwork, especially thread spun of flax. Flax, indeed, is the lace material beyond all others. Cotton is largely used for this purpose, also silk—for what the fair sex call blonde is after all only a silken lace. Although lace, and very elegant lace too, has been manufactured, if it be not still, out of the aloe fibre spun into threads, yet flax, after all, is the lace-maker's chosen fibre *par excellence*; and most elegant, even to rough male appreciation, are the varieties of flaxen lace, which the needle, the tambour, and the cushion have produced, to drape the fair sex at all times since lace has been known, to ornament the sterner sex in olden time, and popes, cardinals, and priests in olden time and now.

In preparing this chapter I have gone to the best sources of information—one, Mrs. Palliser's elegant and every way admirable book on lace; the other, a certain old gentleman—French born, English naturalised—who long years before the principles of free trade between France and England achieved general recognition, was so deeply imbued with free-trade sentiments, that he adopted the principles of that philosophy and carried them practically out. To put the case no less plainly before my reader than the old gentleman puts it before me—he smuggled, and what I regret to state is, that no memory or consciousness of evil seems to oppress him. Well—what is lace—how shall we define it? I cannot do better than adopt Mrs. Palliser's own definition. "Lace is defined," says that lady, "as plain or ornamental network, wrought of fine threads of gold, silver, silk, flax, or cotton, interwoven. Our English word lace is derived by the learned from the Latin word *lacinia*, signifying the hem or fringe of a garment. We ourselves [the *we* is Mrs. Palliser] feel inclined to consider it of Anglo-Norman origin. Certain it is that the term *lacez*, rendered in the English translation of the statutes as laces—implying braids, such as were used for uniting the different parts of the dress—appears long before the article of which we are now treating came into use.

"In our own country the earlier laces, such as they were, were defined by the word *passament* spelt in a variety of ways—a general term for gimps, braids, and laces, whether of gold, silver, silk, cotton, thread, or worsted. Many of the earlier laces were made by the threads being passed or interlaced

one with the other; scarcely more than a white braid—hence they derived the name of *passament*. Gradually the workmanship was improved, the close *passament* was enriched with various designs, a finer flax employed: *passament*, thus improved, in course of time became lace. Not until the reign of Richard III does the word lace appear in accounts of the royal wardrobe, when at his coronation Queen Anne wears a white cloth-of-gold mantle, garnished with 'a mantel lace of white silk and Venys gold.' The term *dentelle* is also of modern date, nor will it be found in the earlier French dictionaries. It was not till fashion caused the *passament* to be made with a toothed edge that the expression of *passament dentelé* first appears."

It would appear from this that lace is a somewhat modern invention, but certain critical bookworms whom I have been obliged to consult are not of one mind with Mrs. Palliser on this issue. Their opinion is that lace in one form or another is almost as old as spinning and weaving. This seems probable, I think. One can hardly conceive it possible that any people with an eye to elegance of tracery and detail, and having spiders'-work at hand to copy from, and having spun thread withal, could long have refrained from making some sort of open thread work, which according to definition must be called "lace." It is almost impossible to assume that Egyptian and Grecian ladies would have been long content to drape themselves in linen fabrics of waft and woof rectangularly crossing, when so many obvious expedients were at hand for varying the pattern. Accordingly I find the statement made by respectable authorities that the ladies of classical Greece did make a certain sort of lace.

We will now make an assumption. Let us assume lace of every variety to be quite unknown, and that some ingenious lady wishes to imitate some beautiful form of leaf or flower, or other natural object, or, if a mathematical lady, some geometrical shape: the material of imitation being thread of some sort, how may she be supposed to set about it? She might take a piece of already woven fabric—cambric, we will say—draw out threads, as the nature of her scheme required, then gather the filamentary skeleton into shapes with needle and thread. She might sew threads upon an open fabric after the manner of embroidery. By tatting, or crochet, forms might be made, and these sewn on; or starting with mere threads, these might be twisted into pretty shapes round pins stuck in a cushion. All these expedients have been adopted, and still are adopted in various branches of the lace manufacture. It has been wondered at by some persons unacquainted with machinery, and the possibilities and impossibilities of mechanism, that machine-made lace is so inferior to the product of hand manufacture. This really is so, and so must continue to be, for obvious reasons too, when once they have been indicated. In every variety of lace-making it is essential that the extremities of the threads wrought with shall be loose or unattached. Until a machine has been devised to pick up the extremity of a loose end, as a Buckinghamshire lace-maker picks it up on her lace pillow, it is hopeless to expect any improvement on machine-made lace. Some people will point to sewing-machine triumphs, and argue, if sewing by machinery, why not lace-making? The answer is plain, and it is this. Sewing-machines really do not sew; the double-thread ones really weave, the single-thread ones

draw loop through loop,—of this sort is the sewing-machine of Willcox and Gibbs, which by the way I consider equal to any of the sewing-machine tribe, and I have carefully studied them all. A lady possessing one of these machines could manufacture with it a piece of lace, but the result would only prove how inferior machine-made lace is to hand-made lace, and she would at once see why.

It needs no great acquaintance with lace to be aware that modern productions do not favourably contrast with those of times gone by. Neither for love nor money could lace specimens be made to order equal or nearly equal to the kinds and qualities of olden time. One frequently hears this fact commented upon and accepted as a proof that people who lived in mediæval times were so much more clever than ourselves. This is not a fair way of stating the case, the real truth being that lace production was the result of social circumstances which have altered. Modern ladies are not such assiduous needlewomen as mediæval ladies were, civilisation has provided other resources. Drawing, painting, and music claim a modern lady's regard; nor must we forget the facilities of modern locomotion. Hear what Mrs. Palliser has to say about this matter, which is as follows:—"Without wishing to detract from the industry of mediæval ladies," she writes, "it must be owned that the swampy state of the country, the absence of all roads, save those to be traversed in the fine season by pack-horses, and the deficiency of all suitable outdoor amusement but that of hawking, caused them to while away their time within doors the best way they could. Out-of-doors exercise for women is but of modern date. Not twenty years since, in the more remote provinces of France, a lady who quitted her house daily would be remarked on. 'Elle sort beaucoup,' folks would say, as though she were guilty of dissipation." We have seen already what needlework triumphs of art mediæval ladies could achieve, as illustrated by the Bayeux tapestry; and one can easily imagine lace developing under the hands of these fair needlewomen.

Lace is known under different names, expressive either of the place where it was wrought or the process used in making it. Some of these appellations have sadly gone astray, conveying no true intelligence whatever, only calculated to mislead. For example, point-lace should refer, and originally did refer, to such lace as was fashioned by the point—that is, the needle-point; but much of the so-called point-lace has been made in other ways. Again, the term *Point d'Angleterre* is frequently met with as referring to a particular sort of lace, and one might easily think such lace to have been a special production of England, but it is really nothing of the sort, being Belgian—mostly Brussels—lace of a particular character, and made chiefly by pillow-twisting, at any rate not wholly by the needle. The way how it came to be called *point d'Angleterre* was this: in 1662 the English Parliament, alarmed at the sums of money expended on foreign point, and desirous to protect the English bone-lace manufacture, passed an Act prohibiting the importation of all foreign lace. English lace merchants, at a loss how to supply the Brussels point required at the Court of Charles II, invited Flemish lacemakers to settle in England, and there establish the manufacture. The scheme did not succeed. England did not produce the necessary flax, and the lace made up was of an inferior quality.

The merchants, therefore, adopted a more simple expedient. Aided by their capital, they bought up the choicest laces of the Brussels market, and then, smuggling them over to England, sold them under the name of point d'Angleterre, or English point.

The manufacture of Brussels lace is referred by Mrs. Palliser to the beginning of the fifteenth century, and lace-making has taken a stronger hold on Belgium than any other country. French lace was once very celebrated, and more especially that made at Valenciennes. At present, however, Belgium bears the palm. Most of the so-called Valenciennes lace is made in that country, between which and France a brisk smuggling business was, and I believe still is, carried on. At all times lace has held out many temptations to the smuggler, and affords many facilities. Male creature though I be, my mind can easily rise to a conception of the enormous quantity of lace goods a lady might work into a quilted petticoat, and in many other possible ways. My informant and instructor, the English naturalised French-born gentleman, has been good enough to enlighten me as to some of the ingenuities he had recourse to in olden times for smuggling French and Belgian lace into England, and, conversely, English lace into Belgium and France. Of this, more anon. Having alluded to the smuggling of lace from Belgium into France, I may as well explain how this for many years was successfully and most ingeniously done.

Picture to yourself a little dog, French born and reared, petted, pampered, brought up in luxury, treated in every way so that it would get to like its home. Fancy the same little dog taken by its master across the Belgian frontier, enticed to a Belgian house, and there left to be kicked, cuffed, and otherwise ill-treated. Under such circumstances, who does not know what an intelligent dog would do? It would run back to France across the frontier on the first practicable opportunity, and straightway repair to the home to canine memory so dear. You realise this? Well, assume, if you please, a little dog, bandaged from head to tail with yards upon yards of expensive lace, then fancy the animal to be laced into a bigger dog's skin, then taken to the frontier at eventide, kicked by way of admonition, and then turned loose. You see what happens, you have it all before you. Many years passed before the French Government got scent of this ingenious little scheme of contraband, but at last finding it out, they proclaimed a reward of three francs for every smuggling dog caught in the act. Well must certain Frenchmen have done in this dog-catching business, if my information be correct, which states that between the years 1820 and 1836 more than a thousand dogs fell victims annually to the ingenious cupidity of their masters.

Generalising, if we can, and summarising the chief kinds of lace, we establish the following classes:—(1) Point lace, which, its name regarded, ought to be the result of needlework, though it frequently is not. (2) Pillow lace, the general nature of which has been already explained. (3) Drawn lace. (4) Appliqué lace. Such are the chief varieties of lace proper. Our classification takes no heed of machine-made lace, seeing that only by courtesy do the ladies acknowledge it to be lace at all.

A real lace connoisseur would tell a long tale about the specialities of lace as produced in different countries—would expatiate on Grecian, Italian,

Flemish, French, English, and other varieties. I have no space for all that, even though I might have the knowledge. Only an outline of the subject belongs to my thesis, omitting details. Let us call to mind the circumstances favourable to the production of lace. What are they? First, the possession of suitable thread, next an abundance of female labour. Then the prevailing religion of a country has to be borne in mind, for ever since lace was lace the finest specimens have been wrought by nuns or other ladies as a labour of love, for ornamenting dignitaries of the church. In this way one can easily account for the fact that in the whole world there is not such a fine collection of lace as at the Vatican. In some of the Greek islands it was the custom formerly to ornament the corpses of distinguished people with fine lace, and commit them thus adorned to the tomb. The fashion, however, changed with time, so that whilst Corfu was under British protection, our officers frequently had brought to them for purchase, specimens of lace of antique and elegant workmanship, conspicuous for the darkness of their colour and their musty smell. Well might they be dark and musty, having been withdrawn from tombs.

In respect of lace patterns, the inference is that, other circumstances being equal, the capacity of a people for art impressions will determine excellence of workmanship; and here it may be observed that, notwithstanding the beauty of geometrical forms and the applicability of these as lace pattern subjects, yet some of the most beautiful lace patterns have been copies of natural objects slightly idealised. Venice was once celebrated for a most elegant lace, the general design upon which was an imitation of coral branches. Tradition refers this species of lace to the following origin. A Venetian sailor-boy, it is said, brought home a branch of coral, and presented it to his sweetheart. She, gazing on this treasured token from day to day, applied herself to the task of transferring the pattern to lace. Taken all in all, there are fewer ugly patterns wrought upon lace than might have been expected when we consider the want of art education under which many lace producers labour. Fortunately such common but beautiful subjects as flowers, leaves, and stems, have usually served as models for such of our own lace-making rustics as have wrought on patterns of their own choice, but exceptions can be mentioned. Some years ago Mrs. Palliser relates how the Devonshire lace-girls conceived the ingenious idea of making patterns out of their own head. One of these was a turkey's tail, considerably idealised—a thing difficult of execution and tedious, but curious to look at.

Certain English counties have long been celebrated for their lace, but especially Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Devonshire. The term "Honiton lace" is familiar to most of us, and may have created a wrong impression. It may have begotten the idea that a certain large factory existed at Honiton, similar to the Nottingham lace factories.* Now the fact has already been made known that all lace, worthy the name of lace—all real lace is, and apparently must be, made by hand. The making of it too is a tedious operation, only a small length and breadth of lace being produced in a considerable time. The following question then may occur, namely, How happens it that long lengths of lace—real lace of one and the

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 321, for a special paper on Honiton lace.

same pattern, may be bought at the shops? It happens thus wise:—Many operatives being engaged, each in manufacturing her own piece, by-and-by some central lace-dealer causes all these pieces to be joined together by the needle, and so accurately is the juncture done that the most practised eye cannot discover it. It is the business of these central lace-dealers or negotiators to take orders, find patterns, and either provide thread or advance the money for its purchase. Lest anybody should think this particular of thread must be a small matter, I may remark that fine Belgian thread has more than once been sold to Devonshire lace-makers at the enormous price of one hundred guineas the pound.

Perhaps Belgium in all times has been more celebrated for the beauty and fineness of its flax thread than any other country. Various circumstances operate to cause this result. Not only is the Belgian soil very congenial to the growth of flax, and the water of Belgian rivers adapted to its successful steeping, but the mechanical operation of flax-spinning has long been conducted in Belgium with more special regard to the exigencies of lace-making than elsewhere. To illustrate the amount of care taken to produce the very best article, the following may be cited. Inasmuch as the opinion prevails, or at any rate did prevail, that the spinning of flax in daylight, or above the ground level, was incompatible with the extreme of fineness and elasticity of thread, it was and perhaps is the custom for certain Belgian flax-spinners to ply their art in dark and damp cellars by lamplight, a black screen being set up behind the thread, to render it more visible. As in Devonshire, so in Belgium and France, all the hand-made lace, all the real lace, that is to say, is manufactured in short pieces, and these are sewn together by skilled needlewomen. This brings to my mind an anecdote told me by my old French-born informant—the individual before alluded to as a convert to free-trade principles at a time when governments did not think that way.

The British Government, it seems, in its political wisdom, decreed that French lace should pay on importation some enormous duty per yard, and by way of attestation that such duty had been paid, the British Customs people stamped one end of each piece of imported and duty-paid lace. Now the fiscal success of this stamping, or its fiscal unsuccess, all turns upon the answer to one simple question, which is this: Is it possible to cut off the aforesaid stamped ends, and join them by sewing to other lengths of lace? We know the answer to this, and we know what might come of it. My hoary free-trading informant tells me this. He represents that his chief business was to provide himself with these stamped fag ends, which he could easily do by agreement with retail lace vendors, and get them sewn on to contraband lace. Henceforth such contraband would differ in no visible respect from lace that had passed the Custom House in an honest respectable way. Such lace having once found its way to an English shop, might be overhauled and unreservedly examined without any betrayal of secrets too delicate for the light. The fact is worthy of note that mostly when a government has imposed an exorbitant customs duty on some article of small bulk but in great popular estimation, the object of such government has been practically defeated by the ingenuity of smugglers. This points to the conclusion that customs taxes are about the most expensive in the

collection of any. I was considerably surprised to find that the illicit trade in lace carried on across the Channel was not all one way. My informant tells me that English machine-made lace was—and perhaps still is—in high repute amongst the female peasant population of France, especially the female peasants of Normandy. England, I may remark, is celebrated amongst nations for giving effect to the principle of trade that working for the million is more profitable than working for the few. This is illustrated by various manufactures. France and Germany, for instance, greatly excel England in the very highest branches of ceramic ware. The china or porcelain of Sevres, Dresden, and Berlin, is better than anything we can set against it—in fact, no real china is made in England. Nevertheless, our British substitute for china is very beautiful, and continental people of the middle and lower classes are very glad to have it. When they have it not, a traveller is surprised to see the miserable substitutes they have to put up with. Again, we English cannot make sword-blades so excellent as those fabricated at Toledo; but, taken all in all, English steel cutting-ware is the best in the world.

Throughout this description I am conscious of having snubbed and written disparagingly of machine-made lace. It is the lace of the million, for all that, and any observant pair of eyes, whether male or female, cannot but be struck when travelling on the Continent with the paucity of trimming found on ladies' ordinary dresses, of the nature of gimp, fringe, and guipure. That our ladies are better supplied with these articles comes of machinery, so we must exercise a certain charity when treating of lace-making machines. Any person who has watched the operation of making lace on a pillow, as in Buckinghamshire, will easily understand that to make exactly the same sort of material by machinery would be difficult, if not impossible. The pillow-lace manufacture is as follows:—Upon the pillow or cushion a piece of stiff parchment is stretched, having a number of holes pricked through it, forming a pattern of the intended lace. Pins are stuck into the pillow through these holes, and the threads, wound upon small bobbins, are woven round the pins and twisted in many complex ways round each other so as to form the pattern required. The operation is extremely tedious, as may be inferred from this outline description. Nottingham lace is professedly an imitation of pillow-made lace, and a very good imitation it is, though the knots, loops, or stitches, as we may call them, are essentially different. The net or meshes of pillow-lace may be described as bound by a number of ropes, each formed of two or more threads twisted round each other. At every two or three turns of these ropes the threads or strands composing one rope are twisted round those of its neighbour, and then return to be twisted with its own. The figure of the meshes depends upon the number of turns made before the twist is changed from one rope to the next. It will be perceived that in order to make a lace of this description the ends of the threads used in making it must all be detached, which seems incompatible with the employment of machinery. Nottingham lace is only a modification of the stitch or loop used in cotton weaving. All the meshes are made of one thread continued, not by the interlacing of many. This single thread is formed by the machine into loops by pressing it down alternately over and under between a number of parallel needles.

A second course is then made of similar loops on the same needles, the loops of the first being drawn through those of the second in such a manner as to form meshes by retaining the first loops. The second are then held in place by a third course, this by a fourth, and so on. The machine only slightly differs from a common stocking-frame, but it is provided with an additional apparatus rather too complex for any one not a mechanician to understand.

From this description it would seem that the sentiment against machine-made lace is more than a prejudice, machinery not being competent to evolve certain results to which the excellence of hand-made lace may easily be traced. Of late years, however, a combination between machine work and hand work has been established, quite legitimate, and capable of subserving the highest behests of art. We have already seen how certain fine effects on lace are obtained by what is called *appliqué* work, that is to say, the applying or sewing on to an open fabric, flowers, leaves, and other forms wrought separately. Now if the open tissue to which the ornaments are to be sewn or applied can be made as well, or even better, by machinery than by the hand, there seems to be no valid reason against the use of machinery. Many persons who have given much thought to the production of lace, consider that in any commercial sense, hand-made lace will cease to be numbered amongst the products of British industry. Certain it is that the art has gone back at Honiton and its vicinity. Not only has the number of Devonshire lace-makers decreased, but at the present time their briskest employment consists in sewing odds and ends of old lace patterns, got together by collectors, into available lengths.

INDIAN TRAVELLING IN 1839 AND 1869.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN," AND "TWO MONTHS IN PALESTINE."

It has been the writer's fortune to travel through a considerable portion of India in three eras, which, though not literally correct, we shall call the pedestrian, equestrian, and steam locomotive. There is no quarter of the globe in which railroads are likely to create a greater revolution in social, commercial, political, and, it may be safely added, religious life, than in India. The writer, contrasting his first experiences of India nearly half a century ago with the present, can scarcely believe that he is living in the same world, and with the same race of human beings.

Our first experience of *dāk* travelling was in 1839. We had made our way to India through Egypt, and down the Red Sea in a small government steamer to Bombay, our destination being Madras and Calcutta. Our party consisted of four. We had to purchase as many palanquins, and all other necessities for a land journey. We embarked on a native vessel going down the Malabar coast, landed at Mangalore, and put ourselves in communication with the deputy postmaster, who "laid a *dāk*" for us across the peninsula, by way of Coorg, just then come into the East India Company's possession, and thence our route lay through Mysore, Seringapatam, and Arcot, to Madras. Here we engaged our passage in a sailing vessel, and were three weeks beating up the Bay of Bengal, in calms and head-winds, ere we got into the Hooghly, and off Calcutta.

After some stay in the capital, the writer proceeded to Simla alone. This was a long and important journey in those days. For so great a distance, it was necessary to give eight days' notice to the postmaster-general at Calcutta to "lay a *dāk*," to give the route we proposed taking, and the days we wished to remain at any stations on the route. These communications were forwarded to the postmasters along the line of journey, and the time of our arrival and departure specified. To indemnify the postmaster for any irregularity on the part of the traveller, a demurrage of about one-fourth of the whole charge was lodged at the office on application for a *dāk*, and refunded, if no deviation of time or route took place. We had to supply ourselves with palanquins, and every other necessary for the journey.

The post-office authorities supplied our retinue, which consisted of fifteen men, viz., twelve bearers of the palanquin, four of whom relieved each other at intervals, two *bangywallahs*, the carriers of our tin boxes, and a *mussalgree* or torch-bearer. These men were changed at each station of six or seven miles distant. In this manner we travelled night and day, resting for meals at the traveller's bungalow,* where servants are kept, and food can be procured and cooked. We stopped some days at the principal stations on the route, viz., Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, and Delhi, and reached Simla in about twenty-five days from Calcutta.

Ten years later there was a further advance on the mode of travelling along the "great trunk road" from Calcutta to the upper provinces, but what little we gained in speed we sometimes lost in comfort. Two or three private companies started *dāk gharrees*, a description of carriage not unlike a palanquin on wheels. Our sketch exhibits a family starting in one of these *dāk gharrees*. The *sahib*, *memsahib*, and *babalog* are inside, and the *ayah*, or waiting-maid, is on the box with the coachman, while the horse-keeper is assisting the start. On the top are the painted tin boxes, called *patarrahs*, for clothing and traps, made in shape convenient to carry in a sling, one at each end of a bamboo, on a man's shoulder.

On our proceeding to the upper provinces in 1849, we had to give three days' notice to one of these *dāk gharree* companies to make arrangements for the supply of cattle along the road. We got a pretty fair start from Calcutta, but at the next, and many subsequent stations, the character and condition of the cattle began to tell. These animals were rough, unbroken country tattoos, or ponies, poorly harnessed with a breast collar and clumsy saddle, which often galled their backs. There were various causes to account for the reluctance of these poor animals to make a start. And this was our great difficulty, which sometimes almost exhausted our patience. As soon as they found themselves in the shafts, they commenced kicking, jibbing, backing, and bolting alternately, till we were often in danger of being landed in a ditch, if not something worse. Sometimes the coachman would call to his aid all the idlers about the station, or neighbouring village, and by pushing and turning the wheels would bring conviction to the mind of the animal that all further resistance was useless, when, without any warning, he would make a bolt at a hard gallop, leaving half-

* Pictures of travelling by *dāk*, of travellers' bungalows, and other scenes of the road in India, will be found in previous "Leisure Hour" volumes, from the accomplished pencil of the late Capt. Atkinson, of the Bengal Engineers.

a-dozen of his propellers sprawling on the ground, and keep up this speed for a mile or more, till he was nearly exhausted, and then followed the cruel application of the whip to keep up his pace. We changed horses every five or six miles. It is usual on these

the cart. We stopped at various stations for change of horses and refreshment, and arrived at Jubbulpore in twenty-two hours. After a few hours' delay, we again started by train *vid* Allahabad, and reached Calcutta in thirty-six hours, making exactly eighty-



FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE CAPTAIN ATKINSON.

occasions to lay in a good store of wine, beer, and provisions, but as we then lived almost as temperately as natives, we travelled very lightly, and found at the dāk bungalows, where servants are in attendance, everything we required, such as milk, eggs, fowls, etc., so that we did not fare badly. With some stoppages, we reached Delhi, 887 miles from Calcutta, in ten days, and pursued the remainder of our journey to Simla on horseback.

With these old experiences, contrast the following report of a journey made in the past year. "Taking our ticket out from London by Brindisi, we arrived at Bombay in twenty days from England. We remained at Bombay for three days, writing off in the meantime to the postmaster at Nagpore to secure the mail cart for us, on a given day, from that station to Jubbulpore. We left Bombay about noon, and arrived at Nagpore at 6 P.M. next evening, being about thirty hours. Here we rested for the mail cart and refreshments, four hours. Two of us were comfortably accommodated, with our light luggage, in

four hours, or three days and four nights, between Bombay and Calcutta, or twenty-eight days from London to Calcutta." The 160 miles between Nagpore and Jubbulpore will be opened before these lines go to press, when the journey between Bombay and Calcutta will be effected in two days and twelve hours, which in 1839 took the writer nearly six weeks!

Our last advice from Calcutta was that steamers returning by the Suez Canal were taking home first-class passengers at £50 to £60, including every necessary except wine, and expectations were entertained that the charge would soon be reduced to half these sums. This is a change indeed since we paid 1,200 rupees, or £120, for a passage from Calcutta to Southampton, in a small "four-berth cabin" in one of the P. and O. Company's steamers.

We fear the proud motto of this company, "*Quis separabit*," will wane under such enterprise and competition; but though we have had our growl and grievances, like most old Indians, against the P. and O., we have always found the directors and manager

civil and courteous, always ready to meet any well-established complaint with redress and compensation. We have pleasant recollection of the establishment of the "overland route," and the great advantages this Company opened out to rapid commercial and social intercourse. Next to glorious old "John Company," which has done its work and passed away, there is no enterprise on which the British may look with more pride and approbation than the growth, extent, and usefulness of the P. and O. Company.

ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

BY ISABELLA M. S. TOD.

IV.

THE organisation of the institutions for girls' education is the next point for consideration. But the very phrase goes to the root of one of the great difficulties in this matter. There are far too few of what could be called institutions for the education of ladies. For girls of the lower classes, we have schools in each of the British islands all more or less aided, inspected, and directed by the State. The mistresses, as well as the masters, for these schools also undergo a regular training under government superintendence, and their status and abilities are measured by carefully-bestowed certificates. So far the two sexes are alike; but on looking higher all is changed. While an elaborate network of important establishments for boys and young men, of very varied forms and values, but all acting and re-acting on one another, cover the face of the country with a most commanding agency of education, we have only a few scattered and experimental attempts at anything of the sort for girls. The education of the great mass of ladies is entrusted, either to governesses, or to a multitude of small, private, unclassified schools. Because they are small, they are defective in many arrangements which larger establishments could afford. Because they are private, they are wholly dependent on personal capacity, which a thousand things may affect injuriously; they are out of the current of public opinion, behindhand in everything, uninfluenced by the most important movements; and those which are good are unable to influence the rest. Because they are unclassified, the good cannot be distinguished from the bad, and parents have no guide in selection but a vague report from some one with no better means of judging than themselves. A thorough reform is needful here.

Some remedial agencies are already at work. Of these the most important are the middle-class examinations instituted by several of the universities, and particularly well worked by that of Cambridge. It would be difficult to overrate the good done by the extension of these examinations to girls and women. They have presented a methodical plan of study to conscientious parents and teachers. They have given definiteness to their wishes and aims. They have offered a standard to work up to, and a means of proving wherein lies strength or weakness; and, most important of all, they have supplied motives and stimulus to those whose sight is as yet too dim to perceive the higher objects of study which will afterwards appear before them. Lastly, they provide a clear and positive test by which good schools and good teaching may be distinguished from bad. It

is true that their plans may require a little revision; but these beneficial ends have been already reached wherever the examinations have come into use, and we are entitled to expect that they will be reached in the wider circle to which they are spreading.

This test for teaching, however, only brings into greater relief the defects of the usual arrangements for teaching. Those who look upon education in its true light, neither as the "correct" way of getting through the years between childhood and womanhood, nor as a workshop for accomplishments, are pretty well agreed as to the worthlessness of small schools. It is said that small schools are more select than large; and also that the pupils obtain more "individual" teaching. But these are arguments "after the fact," not the causes of the schools, but put up to sustain the present system. The real cause of their multiplication is the number of ladies who have to resort to teaching as a means of livelihood. But if all girls except the very wealthy were provided, as they ought to be, with a proper occupation, this melancholy struggle for pupils would be greatly lessened. We are going to the root of the matter by insisting upon better schools. Now the preponderant weight of evidence goes to show that morally, mentally, and even socially, large schools are (other things being equal) incomparably better than small. The schools commissioners, whose opinion upon all these points must weigh much with us, say, "A special cause of the inferiority in girls' schools, that they are commonly too small, has been noticed above. It is not only that it tends to multiply the number of them unduly, and that it increases the cost, but that, as is well known, small schools are in themselves, as instruments of instruction, commonly inferior to larger ones." "A large school can be better classified. . . In a small school one master must teach several subjects; in a large school each subject of importance may have its proper teachers. Nor are the moral less than the intellectual advantages of a large school. It is easier to create a healthy public opinion. . . It is easier to neutralise the bad effect of one or two unprincipled scholars." In a small school "the classes are too small to rouse emulation, or that other and better feeling which is sometimes confounded with emulation, the sympathy of numbers." Add to this, "the pettiness and gossip of the small private school, the more serious evils which are said to prevail in so many boarding-schools, where a girl is at the mercy of her companions, are far more hurtful than such little measure of freedom as is implied in resorting to a public day school."

From what has been said, it will be seen that boarding-schools are considered as a rule to be less suitable than day-schools as places of education. "Assuming, as we may fairly do," say the commissioners, "that the homes of our middle-class are commonly favourable to the growth and development of the female character, we are ourselves inclined to the opinion, which also appears somewhat to preponderate in the evidence, that in the case of girls more than in that of boys, the combination of school teaching with home influence, such as day-schools admit of, is the most promising arrangement." There are many cases, of course, where this mode is impracticable. Parents resident in the country must bring their daughters within reach of instruction, and it is generally most convenient to do so by placing them in boarding-schools. But these should always

have day scholars in all their classes, and the more the better. Boarding-schools which are quite private are much like convents, and rear mere hothouse plants. They give no experience, no preparation for life. A school "where the boarders are entirely isolated from the world, seeing only each other in work hours and play hours, is almost certain to be an unwholesome sort of place." But the presence of day-scholars "gives to the school and its doings a sort of modified publicity which is a security against all sorts of evils." A pupil at a boarding-school is "at the mercy of companions, adopts their opinion and their moral standard, is not likely to develop original tastes and powers." The society is characterised by "coteries, petty jealousies, and unprofitable talk." "No atmosphere can be less favourable to the formation of a high character, or even to mental activity, nor is the rest of the life such as to maintain that healthy balance of mind and body by which mental activity should be sustained." Finishing schools are not in any way superior to others. They are simply more expensive.

The opinions thus powerfully supported tend directly to show that it is most desirable to establish large day-schools, of the highest grade, in every considerable town. These should provide a complete education for girls of the cultivated classes, up to the age of sixteen or seventeen, giving them a thorough English course, including a knowledge of English literature, a correct grammatical training in Latin and French, grounding them in mathematics, and giving a clear acquaintance with one of the natural sciences. Either music or drawing, if there is a taste for either, might be added. This would be in itself a complete and useful course, and would be a solid preparation for those who have the opportunity of obtaining collegiate instruction.

This is not the place for entering upon the history of the endowed schools of England. But it is known that many of the endowments were originally intended as much for girls as for boys, and some of these were very wealthy. The Endowed Schools Bill of last session will restore several of these to their original destination. Here, therefore, is a most important fund, from which could be obtained the necessary means for establishing some of these central schools. Good buildings and sufficient apparatus, good rooms and grounds for recreation, a fund for prizes and scholarships, for payment of examiners, and for keeping up the buildings and apparatus, these would start a thoroughly good school in any suitable locality; especially if the grant were supplemented, as it ought to be, by local subscriptions. Having this excellent *point d'appui*, a first-class principal would have no difficulty in making it an institution worthy of public confidence. Of course, university examinations must be made obligatory on such schools. The public have an interest in them, and some arrangement would be advisable by which influential persons in the neighbourhood, whether appointed by Government or elected by subscribers, should have a share in the management. An ample staff of first-class teachers, and of a higher social position than many of the present teachers, could be secured in so large a school as one of these would be, by much lower fees than would be possible in a small school. This is of the utmost consequence in arranging for the middle classes; for refinement of thought and desire for culture are by no means measured by income. These large schools would

themselves supply a felt want, and they would also do inestimable good by their action on private schools. Boarding-schools, as we have seen, are indispensable, but the teaching and the character of all would be raised by the higher standard thus maintained. At present no person or body, however venerable, has a right to inquire into the position of the places where the ladies of the country are educated. By the proposed plan there would be a number of leading schools which the State, by means of the universities, could examine and regulate; and the moral authority of this vivifying and enlightening influence would bring others into the same relationship, and would ramify through all forms of teaching arrangements.

Among the highest classes, and also to a certain extent in the middle classes, private governesses are largely employed in the education of girls. There are special cases in which this is the best mode of teaching; and for young children it certainly has its advantages. But from the age at which a child begins to feel itself an agent capable of voluntary action, it may be doubted whether it is almost ever a wise thing to teach it alone, or in the company of only two or three of the same family. Most of the objections which apply to small schools, apply to this isolated mode of teaching. There is no companionship, for members of the same family must be more or less at different stages of attainment. There are no means of measuring progress to check the vain; there is no "sympathy of numbers" to stimulate the dull. A still more fatal objection is that no governess can possibly be up to the mark in all the subjects which are needful to train the mind. It needs special care bestowed upon special subjects to make a good teacher. Most private governesses are therefore either extremely superficial, or can only give a certain limited portion of the necessary instruction. Among the very wealthy, the defect is remedied by bringing in masters to teach the omitted subjects. But it is obvious that this expensive auxiliary to the system cannot make up for its inherent imperfection. In the classes with which we are now dealing even this help can be but partially used; and we cannot but believe that the plan of education by private governesses ought very rarely to be used in the middle classes, for any but mere children. Even for this, few of the present race are fitted. They also, as well as all other orders of teachers, require a kind of training which is now almost always beyond their reach.

This need for improvement in the status and qualifications of teachers is the next point we must notice. There can be no doubt that the unintelligent and materialistic views of education, which have long prevailed, are the cause of that unjust depreciation of teachers from which we have by no means cleared ourselves as yet. There are grades in the teaching profession, as there are grades among the pupils whom they teach; but what profession can be accounted liberal if not that which is to give liberal knowledge, and create liberal tastes and feelings, in the young people of the influential classes of society. The truth is, we of the middle class have lowered ourselves in lowering our teachers. It is worth while to take a lesson from other nations in this matter. We know that in the leading countries of the Continent, the higher grades of the teaching profession contain men of world-wide celebrity in scholarship and science. But this would be impossible if the upper class of teachers were not on a level with those

in the upper walks of other dignified professions. The result of this highly-reasonable state of matters is seen in the *social* as well as mental position of those trained by them. There is great truth in Matthew Arnold's words, "On the Continent the middle class in general may be said to be brought up on the first plane, while in England it is brought up on the second plane." The professions are "in England separate, to a degree unknown on the Continent, from the commercial and industrial class with which in social standing they are naturally on a level. So we have amongst us the spectacle of a middle class cut in two in a way unexampled anywhere else; of a professional class brought up on the first plane, with fine and governing qualities, but without the idea of science; while that immense business class, which is becoming so important a power in all countries, on which the future so much depends, is in England brought up on the second plane, cut off from the aristocracy and the professions, and without governing qualities." If this is just with regard to the men of the middle class, it is as just with regard to the women. We have seen in a former paper that not only is a higher system of education needed by the women for their own sakes, and for the sake of those beneath them, but also that it is impossible for the men to rise intellectually unless the women rise also.

The acknowledgment, therefore, of the teaching profession as a liberal profession, to be prepared for with the same care and elevation of aim as any other, applies as strictly to ladies who shall adopt it, as to gentlemen. Here, however, with even more force than in any other case, the rule must be observed that the professional training shall not even begin till a very broad and sure foundation of solid culture is laid. In other words, that (as in other liberal professions) a university education, or something as nearly as possible corresponding to it, shall *precede* any special training in the art of teaching. If teaching is to be a liberal art, there must be no separation between its students and others. Isolation is the very death of enlightened culture. We are thus brought to the conclusion that the very best preparation for the higher teaching which we desire, is that the future schoolmistresses and governesses shall receive their advanced education in the same colleges in which the girls of the highest classes should pursue their advanced studies, and in which girls of the middle classes should prepare for entering upon those other liberal occupations which are opening their doors to them, or cultivating those talents which will render home life more useful as well as more pleasing. Separate training institutions for the teachers of any schools above the primary are far from suitable. There is no room for high culture there, no love for "the things of the mind" would flourish in that atmosphere. Remembering that many who have the brightest prospects when young are often afterwards driven to this walk of life by misfortune, it seems very important that as many as possible should obtain that collegiate training which in case of necessity would enable them "to extemporise an art of teaching," or quickly attain any other art.

But besides all specific reasons, we cannot fail to see, in looking over all the upper portion of the great middle class, as well as the higher classes, which at this point may fairly blend with the other, to the advantage of both, that the plans of instruction advocated need a collegiate system as their crown

and completion. Several colleges, in central and influential places, large enough to obtain the services of first-class professors, high-toned and important enough to attract all the talent within reach, recognised and sanctioned by the State; are the natural guides and judges of female education. There is absolutely *no* reason, except old prejudice, why they should not obtain State assistance also. Knowing what an uphill fight high culture even among men has had to wage, even with all the help which State respect and old prestige and ample endowments could give to the institutions charged with its maintenance, it is a little hard that women should be denied all public aid when attempting the same work.

A suggestion has indeed been made which, if practicable, might smooth their way; but we have not as yet sufficient data upon which to form a judgment respecting it. It has been advocated by men of high authority, both in literary and educational matters, that the opening to ladies of the Faculties of Arts in the existing universities would not only meet all our wants, but would be of great advantage to *all* the students. Public feeling, no doubt, is startled at the idea. Joint education of boys and girls, even of the better classes, is no novelty; several instances are mentioned in the commissioners' reports before us with much approbation. But it has hitherto been thought that it must stop as soon as they enter the higher division. It would be hard to say why. They meet in society, at church, and so forth, without any sense of incongruity, and it is hard to see why it should attach to meeting in a class-room. This idea is as yet wholly in the region of experiment, but it is an experiment the issues of which may prove so valuable that it should be watched with the liveliest interest. Almost any feasible plan would work for good which should really dissipate the artificial atmosphere which hangs round the intercourse of young people of the middle classes. Among the poor, their work often brings them in contact. In the aristocratic circles there is no bifurcation of social existence. But in the middle classes, men and women (except near relations) rarely meet but in hours devoted to mere amusement. Let any one recall what is the staple of conversation at parties, flower-shows, concerts, etc., and say whether *this* is the chief mode in which the two halves of the great middle class should influence each other. None of them know in what the other's real life consists. What chance is there of honest, frank, real friendships here? What chance is there of knowing each other's true character well enough to make steady and noble attachments possible? The opening of useful and dignified employments for ladies would conduce to a change in this matter, and a joint education in its higher range, if it proves to be possible, would do so more effectively.

But if this be impossible, separate colleges, more or less connected with the present universities, *must* obtain State assistance. The work to be done is too large to be thrown upon private enterprise. Yet the more honour is due to those who have set themselves to this important task. While in Sweden the great Seminarium for women is, under State auspices, doing the work of a college, and the universities are opening their matriculation examinations to girls; while in Prussia the Berlin Verein, headed by the Royal lady in whom we still take pride as our own Princess Royal, has just instituted the Victoria Lyceum; while in France the grand old university of Paris has

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opened its doors to admit crowded classes of the young ladies of rank; while even St. Petersburg has founded a university for women—the Government of Great Britain has done nothing whatever to help those who are striving to place the ladies of our country on a footing of fair equality with their neighbours. Here, however, Government follows public opinion; and if the classes concerned open their eyes to see their own true interests, the State must in some way make room for their claims.

All over the three kingdoms strenuous efforts are being made to supply the deficiency, so far as it is possible to do so without public recognition and help. The only collegiate establishments as yet at work are the Queen's and Bedford Colleges, London, and the Alexandra College, Dublin. The first of these partakes somewhat of the nature of a school; the other two are nearer our aim. But there are several other institutions offering class-instruction of a high order, though not grouped or arranged in a collegiate form; such as the Ladies' Educational Association in Edinburgh, and the lectures delivered under the auspices of the North of England Council in the towns within its circle. But the largest effort yet made, and one which receives the cordial approbation of the schools commissioners, is that of the college for women which has been associated with the name of its most able advocate, Miss Emily Davies. None of the institutions just mentioned provide residence for their students, but this before us offers a complete scheme, such as we usually associate with the idea of a college. Among other advantages, the residence of students will give that kind of sympathetic companionship in their studies. Here a girl will find a society with the same tastes, and engaged in the same pursuits with herself; and from this may flow such friendships as are a blessing to the whole life. We are glad to see that it is proposed to commence work in temporary premises, without waiting for the erection of the buildings. Its council is composed of some of the foremost thinkers, writers, and workers of the day; and as it has a large array of supporters connected with Cambridge, its hope to be ultimately affiliated to that university is far from being a visionary one.

It is at least plain that the future of the education of women presents many hopeful features. Old prejudices are giving way, the reasons for things are looked for, and if not found, antiquity does not suffice in the place of reason. Men are aware that they have made mistakes about themselves, and are consequently ready to admit that they have made mistakes about women also. Hopes and enjoyments which were once counted the heritage of a class, are now seen to be the good gifts of God to all who can receive them. Without any wild visions of things unsuited to this solemn life of ours, we look forward with great gladness to the vista now opening before the women of our land.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

BY JOHN KEAST LORD, F.Z.S., NATURALIST TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITIONS.

CHAPTER XV.—CAMP AT WADY GENNEH—THE SCARABÆUS AND ITS EGG PELLET.

BEFORE eight the next morning we were again *en route*, the morning being sunny and very hot. The guides soon found a way out of our rock prison into Wady Sidreh, or "Syeh Sidreh," as called by the Bedouins.

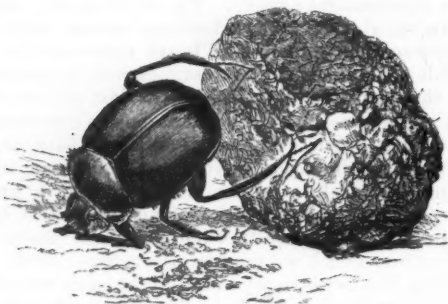
We followed on this wady for about seven miles, and I can hardly recall to my remembrance anything I have previously seen more sublimely grand and beautiful than the stupendous cliffs of granite rocks on either side. They tower up quite a thousand feet high in some places, and so straight that they present a remarkable resemblance to actual walls built by some supernatural agency. The wady winds, bends, and twists about in a most tortuous course, while the water-mark on either side bears testimony to the terrible floods that must sometimes rush in headlong fury through it. We emerged at last upon a wide open space which may be said to be the terminus of four wadies. On one hand is Wady Mokúttub, on the other are the Wadies Genneh and Mâghâra, while behind is Sidreh. On the right and left a grand escarpment of granite rocks about 2,000 feet high run in an east and west course toward Genneh, our destination, which we reached about two o'clock.

Wady Genneh is to my thinking the most beautiful wady I saw on the peninsula. Our tents were pitched amongst immense boulders that seemed to have been worked and regularly rubbed down by the action of the water. It was really the only available place where tents could be conveniently pitched. We remained at this encampment some time in order to investigate the turquoise mines, which were in the Wady Mâghâra (*cave wady*) near by.

Wady Genneh is a kind of four-cross-road; in other words, is formed by the meeting of four wadies, the Wady Mâghâra being on its westernmost side. The lower part of this wonderful place—for it more resembles the dry basin of an immense lake than a river bed, as suggested by nearly all the other wadies, narrows in at the lower end, to form a deep gully, walled up on either side by immense cliffs of brownish sandstone rock, while at its upper end magnificent mountains of granite rise up into the very clouds. I can hardly recall to my remembrance a more lovely scene than sunset at Wady Genneh. The serried outlines of the heights, as seen from the camp, seemed, as the sun in all its fiery glory sank behind them, to be first of all tinted with a faint rosy hue, that intensified in depth of shade until a flood of crimson light replaced it, illuminating every gorge and crack and narrow waterway with a brilliancy almost unearthly; as this faded, other tints came in their turn, so blending and mixing themselves together, that one became dazzled and confused with the splendour of the varying lights and shadows. No vegetation clothes these cliffs to tone down the ruddy sunbeams with its greens and browns; but every ray of light is sent back, brightened rather than dimmed, into a lurid atmosphere, such as one only experiences on an eastern desert.

Between the boulders round about our encampment, a great many acacia-trees grew to a large size. There can be very little doubt that at one period there were a great many more trees to be found in the wadies than at the present time, as the Bedouins are continually destroying them for the purpose of making charcoal, which they sell or barter at Suez and Cairo. The vegetation varies here, too, considerably, and where the alluvium from the wash of the hills had accumulated, there I often found a perfect garden of wild flowers—*Zoegea purpurea*, *Amberboa Zippii*, *Santolina fragrantissima*, *Ochradenus laccatus*, *Oligomeris subulata*, grew together with other flowering plants equally charming. Of course, where plants were fairly plentiful, insects would likewise be found, and

I added very largely to my collection whilst at this place. Amongst them the most curious was the scarabæus, and many hours of the night did I spend watching, with the help of a lantern, the proceedings of this singular insect. The illustration is that of a scarabæus and its egg pellet, drawn the natural size.



SCARABÆUS (*Ateuchus sacer*) AND ITS EGG PELLET.

The *scarabæide* together make up a very large group of dung-feeding *lamellicornes*, that is, having the horns split up into tiny plates; there are about 3,000 species, the greater part of which are found only in tropical countries. Their habits are pretty much alike all the world over; but the most marked peculiarity of the group is found in the structure and position of the hindermost pair of legs. These legs are placed so very near to the extremity of the body, and at such a distance from each other, as to give the beetle a most comical appearance when it walks. The anterior extremities are strangely bent, as it were, towards each other, flattened and provided with several small knobs, which rudely resemble, what in point of fact they are, rakes for scraping and excavating holes in the sand or earth. The type of the group is the "sacred beetle," scarabæus of the Egyptians.

It was the custom of these people in early times to express the actions and attributes of the Deity by symbolic characters. The hawk, having rapid flight and brilliant piercing eyes, served to express divine activity and all-seeing intelligence, and when represented as perched on the topmost branch of a tree, signified that God was exalted above all the material universe. The "winged globe" encircled with a serpent typified the invisible unity of the Deity, having neither beginning nor end. The serpent indicated supreme wisdom, and the wings the spirit, giving motion, and life, and light to all. United, these three attributes represented Osiris, Isis, and Orus, whom they worshipped. Amongst other of their symbols the scarabæus occupies a most prominent place on the sarcophagi and oldest monuments found in Egypt; and at the entrance to the mines in Wâdy Megara, more than three thousand years old, is an accurate likeness of the scarabæus that I watched on the sandy levels at Wâdy Genneh.

The habit of the beetle is in the months of April and May (I refer to the peninsula of Sinai) to deposit its egg or eggs in the midst of excrementitious matter. This mass the insect contrives to work into a spherical shape by pushing, shouldering, and moving it about, until very frequently the ball exceeds its own size by three or four times. When the pellet is rounded sufficiently to be rolled along, the beetle stands as it were upon its fore feet, or as an acrobat

walks head downwards upon his hands, and, with the singular shaped hind extremities before alluded to fixed against the dung pellet, backs with all its might, and in this manner keeps the ball rolling over the sand. The material being soft, of course sand and small pebbles adhere to its surface, and thus it gathers weight and strength as it proceeds, assuming as it hardens the texture of concrete. It has been asserted by some observers that the scarabæus always rolls about its dung pellet by day, with the object of hardening and drying the material of which it is composed; this is contrary to my experience, for most certainly, in Sinai, night is the time usually chosen by the insect for its pellet moving. It is hardly possible to refrain from laughter when watching the blind and often stupid persistency the beetles exhibit when rolling their pellets. It does not matter what hindrances may lie in the course they are going: often down a beetle plunges pellet and all into a pit in the sand, when up it scrambles again and backs and pushes with the most desperate energy, without the remotest probability of its ever getting its burden up the sides of the pit. Sometimes it backs the pellet over a bank, and finding it slipping from the grip of its feet, clings the more tightly and goes whirling down to the lower level. No sooner landed than, none the worse, it goes wildly seeking for its treasure, and on discovering it, begins its task anew as briskly as though nothing had occurred to mar its progress.

I sometimes for experiment used to take the pellet from one beetle, and place the one so deprived near another occupied in rolling the ball for its very life. Without the smallest evidence of discomfort the one robbed would immediately set to work with the other, and both would back and push furiously, but not always in concert, for often they contrived to get on opposite sides, when it became a trial of strength between the opposing parties which should succeed in rolling the ball.

Finding a suitable locality, the scarabæus sets to work and excavates a hole, the favourite spot selected being a bank of soft clay or sand. I measured some of these tunnels and found them eight inches in length, and sufficiently large to contain the pellet. The rake-like forelegs, like those of a mole or mole-cricket, serve first to dig with and then to scrape the refuse material to the entrance of the burrow. The hole completed, the egg pellet is backed in and left to its fate, without any attempt at covering the hole. Occasionally I observed the egg pellet was placed in a shallow pit scraped out in the sand and partially covered over, and a great many pellets I noticed had been abandoned altogether and left upon the sand, why or wherefore the beetle best knows. The larva possibly finds its food in the material encasing the eggs; but I am unable to follow its history after the egg pellet is abandoned.*

CHAPTER XVI.—THE OLD TURQUOISE MINES.

THE first thing to be done after our night's rest was to inspect the old mines in Wâdy Mâghâra and Wâdy Sidreh. Our dragoman Mahomet was our guide,

* The ancient Egyptians not only regarded the scarabæus as personifying the self-existent paternal principle of nature, they made the number of its toes, thirty, to symbolise the days of the month; the time it deposited its ball was supposed to refer to the lunar month, and the movement of the ball was held to represent the action of the sun on the earth.

assisted by several of the Bedouins. Mahomet knew the mines well, his knowledge having been acquired while he lived with the late Major Macdonald, who, I believe, passed twelve years of his life in this desolate place for the purpose of collecting turquoises. The major's first venture was, so I have been told, pretty lucrative. The turquoises were purchased for a very small sum from the Bedouins. The first consignments were sold in England at a fairly good price, and a large profit was realised; but it was found that very many of the turquoises, after being polished and set, faded, and in some instances turned nearly white. This gave the Sinai turquoises a bad reputation, and jewellers were shy of buying them. Then as larger consignments were sent to England, the market soon became glutted with these gems, so it ended in the greater part of the turquoises latterly sent by Major Macdonald being sold at auction for just what they would fetch. The first turquoises obtained by the major were mostly picked out of the gravel which had been washed down, in the course of centuries, over the surface of the wady by the rains. But the Bedouins were sharp enough to find out very soon that the blue stones, "ferruse," as they call them, commanded a ready sale in Cairo, so that many of the finer turquoises found their way into the hands of the dealers in gems in the Cairo and Suez bazaars instead of into the major's strong box. The mines were abandoned by the major in 1865. His system of working was to supply the Bedouins with blasting powder and mining tools, paying them a small sum per day in the shape of wages. Any turquoises the workmen so employed and so provided might find, were to be considered the property of their employer, he to pay the lucky miner a small additional sum for any unusually fine specimens obtained. After Major Macdonald quitted Wady Gennah, a Frenchman tried his hand at turquoise mining. He adopted the same plan with the Bedouins, but his success does not appear to have been great, for he soon gave up the venture. The method of payment is fair enough on both sides, and if the employer could be certain as to the honesty and straightforward dealing of those he employed, there can be very little doubt that turquoise mining would turn out, even now, a profitable speculation. But, unluckily, no person could be sure of getting all the gems dug or blasted out. A turquoise is very easily concealed, and the Bedouins like piasters; hence, it is to be feared, the richest produce of the mines would too frequently be smuggled away to Egypt, instead of being delivered as per agreement to any Frank who might risk his money in the mining.

In Wady Mâghâra, or the Wady of Caves, turquoise mining was carried on, according to Egyptologists, from the third to about the thirteenth Manethonian dynasties, which, roughly speaking, embraces a period extending over sixteen hundred years. There can be no possible doubt about the fact that the mines were worked prior to the time of the Exodus, for this is most distinctly proved by the very many hieroglyphic tablets covering the cliff at and near the different entrances leading into the mines. Some of these contain the names of several very ancient Pharaohs: conspicuous amongst them is that of Cheops v. The mines in Wady Mâghâra are situated on the right-hand side, and up in the face of the cliff about 250 feet above the level of the wady. There are several entrances into

the workings, the latter extending about three hundred yards along the front of the cliff. The modern workings are easily traceable, as they entirely differ from those of the ancient miners, and are mostly confined to the entrances into the mines, seldom extending into the interior. This is mainly attributable to the employment of powder by modern miners for blasting out the rocks. The rocks being of a somewhat friable character, it was not thought safe to fire a blast when any distance in from the entrance. I may as well explain here before describing my exploration of these, the oldest mines probably in the world, that the turquoises are contained in a sandstone rock, of which there are two beds from fifteen to twenty feet apart. The greater number of turquoises at present occur in the upper bed. The rock may be described as a coarse-grained sandstone, soft and friable in nature, and of a dirty yellow tint, spotted here and there with great patches of a rusty-iron-looking hue. The turquoises are found principally scattered about in the small cracks or open joints that everywhere traverse the beds of rock, and these joints have, as a rule, somewhat of a north and south bearing. But very many turquoises, and, strange to say, the most valuable stones, occur in isolated positions embedded in the solid rock. When first dug out they resemble small nodules of rusty iron, no trace of blue being visible. The Bedouin miner, so soon as he gets one of these rusty-looking little balls, carefully rubs down one face of it upon a smooth stone until he produces a sufficient surface of the blue to decide upon its tint, purity of colour, and the absence of cloudiness or cracks, for the purer the tint the greater will the value of the gem prove in the market. So far as I was able to form an opinion, I should say it may be assumed as a kind of general rule, that the more ochreous and iron the rock appears in which a turquoise is embedded, the finer will be its colour. Nearly all those we obtained from the seams and joints were either of a very chalky pale-blue tint or nearly white, and hence utterly worthless.

From all inquiry I made amongst the Bedouins who accompanied us I could not learn that any person had ever ventured into the far interior of these mines, to explore their full extent or to trace the systems of mining formerly adopted. The part visited by travellers is simply a kind of outer chamber, that leads by a sort of tunnel into another chamber precisely like it, only smaller, and thence by a narrow passage out again upon the side of the cliff. Having been conducted in great state through these chambers, or, as the guides said, the mine, I asked if there was no means of going farther in. No; it was impossible, utterly and entirely impossible. The place was filled with sand, the roof would be certain to tumble in and bury any person rash enough to venture beneath it. Terrible hyenas lived there, ready and only too willing to crunch the bones of any Frank or Arab they might catch. Indeed, the many and stupid objections that were raised against my suggestion as to the advisability of trying to burrow into the ends of the old workings are past recounting. My mind, however, was made up to try, even though I went alone. The Bedouins positively refused to venture with me, so the Cornish miner and four of the Egyptian soldiers we brought with us, were told off to accompany me into the unknown and unexplored regions of the old turquoise mines.

Varieties.

LONGEVITY.—In your Varieties, p. 240, you notice lately the death of James Mackenzie at the age of 90, son of Henry Mackenzie ("Man of Feeling"), who died in his 86th year, adding, "It would not be easy to find two lives thus connected covering so large a space of time." An instance may be mentioned more remarkable. Molina, author of the "History of Chili," mentions that his grandfather, a Creole, lived to the age of 96, and that his father, also a Creole, lived to the age of 95. To this is to be added, that Molina himself lived to the age of 89.—A. B.

WOMAN DESCRIBED BY A PROFESSOR OF GREEK.—Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, says some good things, and one might be curious to know what he would say about women. Here is what he has recently told the world in a lecture:—"A woman is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree; she has more beauty and more fragrance, but less strength. She will be fitted for the rough and thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and a hard skin, but no sooner."

UGUR RACE AND LANGUAGE.—Professor Arminius Vambéry, of Pesth, is preparing for publication a volume work entitled, "The Linguistic Monuments of the Ugurs." The learned editor describes the work as "founded upon the oldest and only remaining literary monument of the Ugurs, bearing the title of *Kudâtku Bilik* in the collection of Oriental manuscripts of the Imperial Library of Vienna. It will contain the first hitherto published Ugur text, transcribed, translated, and accompanied by a dictionary of more than one thousand hitherto unknown Ugur words. The Ugurs, a people of Turkish origin, who inhabited the southern slopes of the Thien Shan mountains, distinguished themselves by a high degree of culture at a time when Europe was yet deeply immersed in barbarism. Formerly zealous Buddhists, they were during the fifth century A.D. partly converted to Christianity by Nestorian missionaries; and the knowledge of their language, whilst assisting us in our efforts to dissipate the darkness which hovers over the past of Eastern Turkestan and Western China, will greatly contribute to the understanding of the etymological structure of the Turkish language, which is diffused over the largest part of the Asiatic continent."

THEATRICALS AT POMPEII.—An Italian paper announces that after an intermission of 1,800 years, Laugni has lately reopened the Pompeii Theatre with "The Child of the Regiment." He solicits the continuance of the patronage bestowed upon his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and promises to equal the efforts of that eminent manager.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—At the close of the financial year 1869-70, just expired, the funded debt of this kingdom amounted to £741,514,683; the terminable annuities to £4,018,518, their capital value in three per cent. stock being £53,130,380; and the unfunded debt amounted to £6,761,500,—making a total capital debt of £801,406,563. Ten years ago the total was £825,692,772; the terminable annuities were then little more than two millions, and their capital value not 20 millions; the unfunded debt exceeded 16 millions. Sixteen years ago, just before the Crimean war, the total was a little over 808 millions.

THE SEA SNAKE AGAIN.—Of the last report of this mysterious monster of the deep, Mr. Frank Buckland thus wrote in "Land and Water":—"The sea snake does not often, I have observed, appear while Parliament is sitting. He generally turns up in the autumn, when the printers are perpetually sending round to newspaper editors for "copy." However, in 1870, his marine highness has thought fit to show himself so early as March. The "Pall Mall" of April 4 gives us the following interesting account:—"Of all the disagreeable sea serpents that have appeared to ancient or modern mariners, not one can compare for general repulsiveness with that which, on the 12th instant, was seen by Captain Slocum and the crew of the schooner *Saladin* on her voyage from Jacmel, Hayti, with a cargo of copper, to New York. According to the account given in the 'New York Herald,' on the morning of that day the captain saw what he thought was a wreck, on the starboard beam about five miles distant, bearing east-north-east. On nearing the object it was discovered to be an enormous fish, larger than a ship. At 7.30 A.M. the schooner hove-to with the monster twenty feet distant on her starboard quarter. It is described as being 100 feet in length, its body measuring forty and its tail sixty feet. The most curious feature about it was an immense

body of hard gristly matter, twelve feet in height, forty feet in width, with the same length, entirely void within, forming a large bladder-shaped balloon, which, filled with air, buoyed the serpent on the water. This oval buoy had regular ridges, running from the apex or head (for this bladder preceded the body of the fish) to where it joined the main body. These ridges extend fore and aft at intervals of four inches, with a regular height of two inches, and gave to the surface the appearance of the network of a balloon. The bladder portion was elastic and yielded to the movements of the sea; it was two inches thick, but of a hard, dense, impenetrable character, and would resist knife or bullet. On each side of this floating dome were two heavy paddles, each five feet long, by which the monster made progress. The fish proper, which was but an appendage tailed on to this blown-up bladder, consisted of a heavy fishy substance, with brown sides; and about ten feet from the dome were two eyes, one on either side of a large horn. From this point the fish tapered on to a forked tail of material as heavy and hard as iron. Captain Slocum declares that the tail would weigh 100lb. to the cubic foot, and the forks of the tail stood horizontally in the water, but submerged four feet, the rest of the monster 'sitting lightly on the ocean wave.' He feared to fire at her or disturb her in any way, as one movement on her part would have sunk the *Saladin*. He believes that she has some internal engine by which she fills her balloon with air and discharges it at pleasure, then sinking out of sight. Her touch is poison, and her contact dangerous. How this latter point was discovered is not stated, but quite enough is told to prove that a most dangerous monster has been seen for the first, and everybody must hope for the last, time." I do not at all agree with the worthy editor of the "Pall Mall" that this monster presented a "general repulsiveness," nor do I hope with him that this most dangerous monster "has been seen for the first, and everybody must hope for the last, time." Certainly "everybody" does not hope this, I do not for one. In fact, directly I read the account I looked out for Jacmel in the atlas; I fear it is too far away for me to go in quest of Mr. Sea Snake. The Caribbean Sea cannot be reached in twenty-four hours. If I could but catch my gentleman, he would indeed make a fine cast for my museum. I should very much like to hear Captain Slocum cross-examined by a clever lawyer. I fancy the verdict might be somewhat in the very able words of Sheridan, who thus disposed of a couple of hours' eloquence of a very dull and exaggerating M.P. of the olden time:—"The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts." Captain Slocum has seen something floating on the surface of the ocean, hence he has given the above rather sensational description. I have attempted to make an outline of the monster from his description, and believe that the beast was nothing more or less than a huge cuttle-fish, and probably the "Octopus," or "man-sucker." The Kraken of the Norwegian seas, as handed down to posterity by Bishop Pantoppidan, was certainly a cuttle-fish.

INSURANCE.—A very useful little manual, by Mr. Maurice Grant, has been published under the title of "The People's Guide to Life Insurance," telling why, how, and where to insure with advantage. Directions are included as to Post-office insurance. When it is remembered that between 1844 and 1868, less than twenty-five years, 170 insurance companies had been either wound up or transferred to other companies, such as "the Albert," for instance, every work that gives safe popular information on the subject deserves wide circulation.

STUART LINE.—The modern Duke of Alba having claimed to be the heir of the Stuart family, Mr. W. M. Wray writes to remind us of genealogies familiar to all students of the "Almanach de Gotha." Whether or no the Duke of Alba can prove his legitimate descent from James II, there can be little doubt but that there are living descendants of the Stuart family in a direct line from Charles I. "Henrietta Maria, the younger daughter of that king, married Philip I, Duke of Orleans, in 1661. Their younger daughter, Anna Maria, married Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia. Their great grandson was a Victor Emmanuel; and his eldest daughter, Mary Beatrice, married Francis, Duke of Modena, and bore him two sons; and the elder, born June 14th, 1819, is now ex-Duke of Modena. He married, I believe, the sister of Henri, Count de Chambord, who is the legitimate heir in the male line of the French Bourbons. It is curious that the two exiled families should thus be linked together."

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